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ALPHABET BOOK



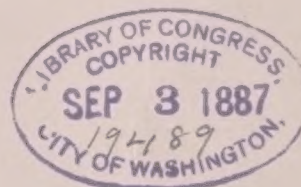
For Little Ones,
Who, if they look, will find their Letters
In this Book * * * * *

473
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39
VERSES
BY
AMY E. BLANCHARD.

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PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1888.

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ALL tired out with fun and play,
Upon a stone beside the way
Lay little Arthur. "Now," said he,
"I want some one to play with me:
So I will lie here very still
Till something comes. I'm sure it will."



BUT as he spoke, a butterfly,
With dainty wings, went flitting by;
And after it came Stella, Jess,
And little toddling baby Bess.
Up Arthur jumped to join the chase,
But Bessie could not match their pace.



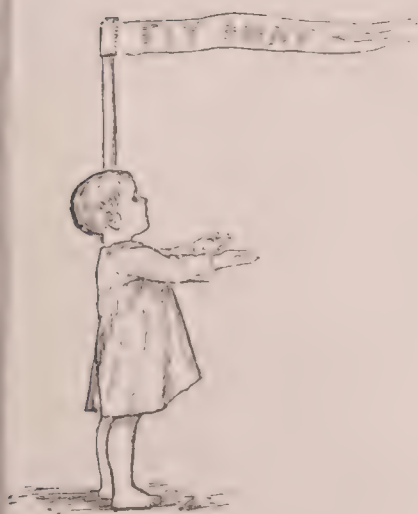
“COME back to me,” she stood and cried,
Dropping her dollies by her side ;
And Cousin Stella was so good,
She ran to where wee Bessie stood.
No butterfly was caught that day ;
For fast it flew, far, far away.



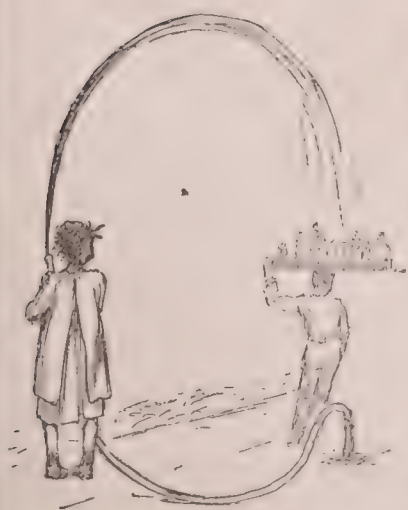
“DO let us find the spring, you know
It is not very far to go,”
Said Arthur. So they went across
The stones, and knelt upon the moss
That grew close to the very brink,
And, bending down, they had a drink.



“EAT some of my nice little cakes,”
Said Stella. “Ellen always bakes
A whole big box full ev’ry week ;
And then we might play hide and seek
When we are rested. Do you say
It would be fun to play that way?”



FUN! yes, indeed," said Arthur. "Jess,
You hide your eyes: you cannot guess
Where we will go." "Don't be too long,"
Called Jessie, while they hid among
The ferns and flowers by the brook,
In such a little nesty nook.



GO where she would, up, down, here, there,
No children Jessie saw. "Where, where
Can they have hidden? Ah!" she said,
For there peeped up a golden head;
And just behind a great big stone
She found them hiding every one.



“HOW well you hid yourselves!” said she,
“But Bess is sleepy as can be.
We must go home, for Helen Gray
Said she was coming up to play.
We’ll carry Bess to London town.
How very fast the time has flown!”



“IT really is quite time to go,
For Bess must have her nap, you know.”
Soon they reached home, found Helen Gray.
Mamma took baby Bess away
To sing to her a song, and tell
Of “Ivy Green” and “Isabel.”



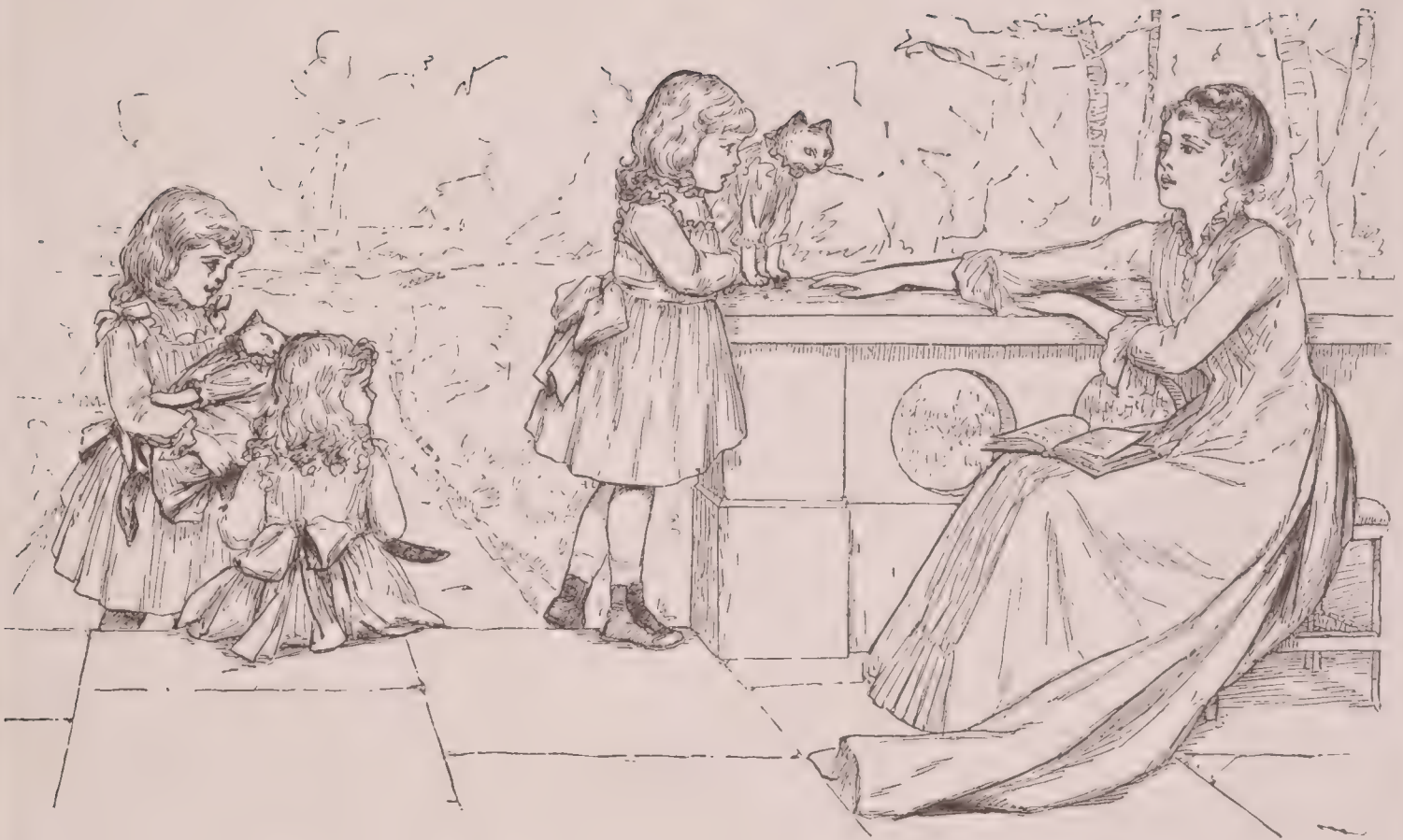
JUST as the baby closed her eyes,
“Oh, girls!” said Jessie, looking wise,
“Let us jump rope; then come with me,
I’ve something you will like to see.”
So first they jumped rope. “Now,” said Jess,
“What I have is alive. Do guess.”



“KITS, kitty, kittens!” cried the girls.
“Yes,” Jessie laughed, and shook her curls.
“Three kitty cats; come, let us run
And dress them up. We shall have fun.
There will be one apiece, you see;
What funny babies they will be!”



“LET us go find a good cool spot,
Where we can play as well as not.
We’ll be three ladies. Do you see
There on the lawn that shady tree?
Our children will like milk to drink;
Mamma will give us some, I think.”



MAY we have just a little bit
 Of milk, mamma?" asked Jessie. "It
 Is for our babies; for you see
 We each have one, and that makes three."
 "Your baby looks so very fat,"
 Mamma said, "and quite like a cat."



NOW," Jessie cried, "mamma, dear, please
 Do not say cat. We say that these
 Are babies. Never mind the fur."
 The other girls both laughed at her.
 Mamma laughed too, and said, "Well, here
 Is some new milk for them, my dear."



ON to the oak-tree, in the shade,
 They went, and fed their cats, and played.
 Over the fence soon Arthur came.
 "Oh, girls!" he cried, "come play a game,
 Or we can hunt for four-leaf clover;
 You know it grows the orchard over."



“PUT down your cats. Puss, puss, your paw
Could catch a mouse that I just saw
Down in the barn.” Off went the cats
To hunt around for mice and rats.
The children hunted too, as well,
Until they heard the dinner-bell.



QUITE ready for good meat and bread,
 Right quickly home the children sped;
 And after dinner, when the sun
 Made it too hot to romp and run,
 Upon the lawn they played the game
 That has the pretty flower name,

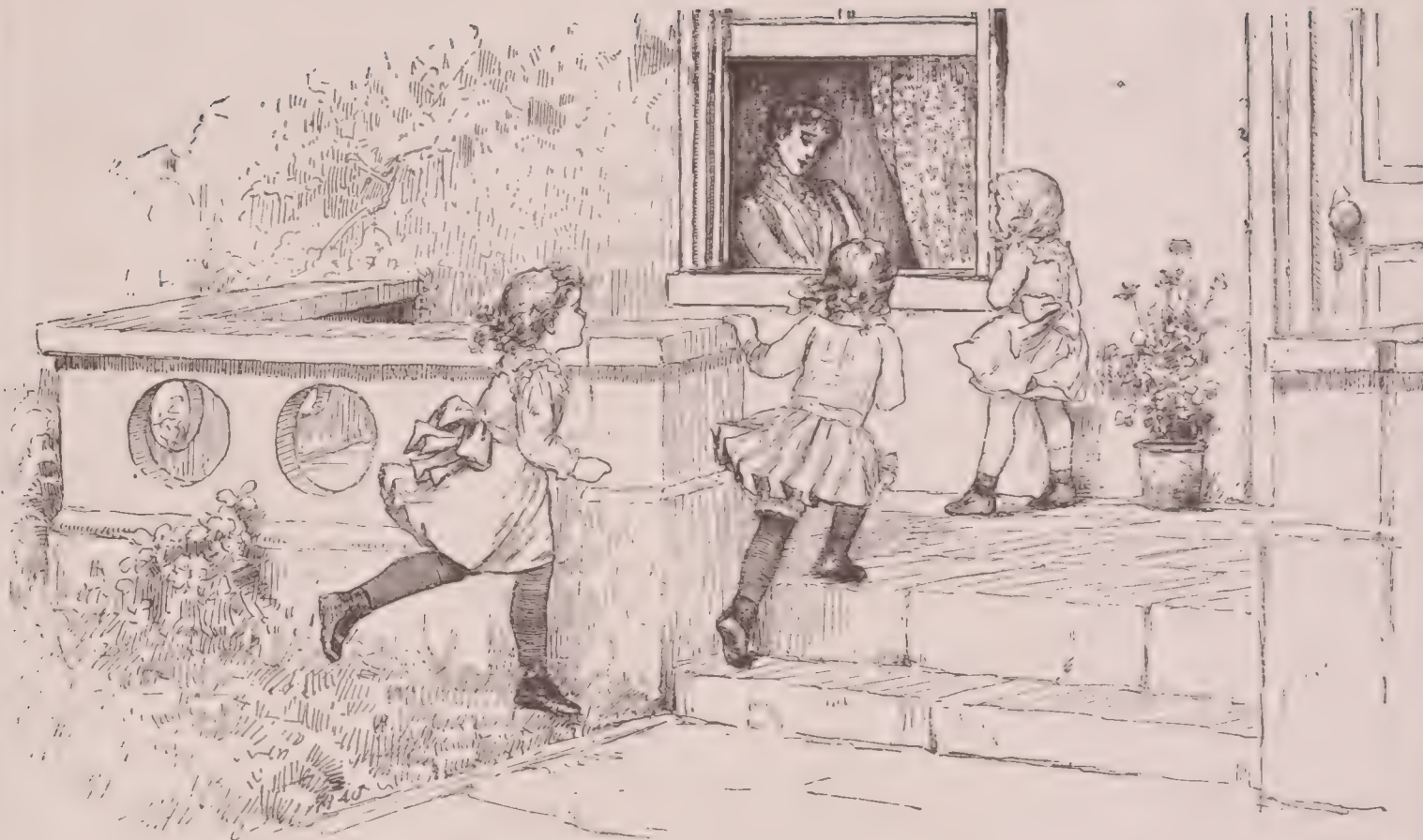


RING-AROUND-A-ROSY, singing,
Round them flower-bells were ringing,
And little birds up in the trees
Sang, while a playful, romping breeze
Knocked from a rose its petals red,
And let them fall on Bessie's head.





SO there they played till up the sky
A cloud came, and the dust flew by.
The children ran. "Oh, dear!" said Stella,
"Who will loan me an umbrella?
I must run home. Here comes the rain.
Good-by; I'll soon come back again."



THE rest all ran into the house;
The cats stopped watching for a mouse;
The birds went hiding under eaves;
The trees began to shake their leaves.
Then came the patter of the rain
On roof, and porch, and window-pane.



UPON the floor Miss Bessie sat;
On an umbrella sat a cat.
“Me-ow!” said pussy. “Hush!” said Bess.
“You tore my dolly’s pretty dress.
You are an ugly cat, I say.”
The cat looked meek, and walked away.



VANES veered around; few rain-drops fell.
“I can get home now very well,”
Said Helen; “so, good-by to all,”
And ran home by the garden wall.
The violets, all wet with rain,
Smiled up, and nodded, “Come again.”



WET paths were not as good as floors,
And so the others stopped in-doors.
Arthur tried standing on his head;
Jessie took up her book and read;
While Bessie, in her baby way,
Wanted to join in Arthur's play.



XERXES, the hobby-horse, was brought,
And next a tooting horn was sought,
And on it such a blast was blown!
They played canal-boat, went to town;
They went to market, snapped the whip,
And had a most exciting trip.



“YOU children must put up your toys;
 ’Tis bedtime now for girls and boys,”
 Mamma said. “See the yellow moon;
 She comes to say ’tis not too soon.
 The winking stars begin to peep;
 They say, ‘Now, children, go to sleep.’”



ZEPHYRS blew softly through the rooms,
And brought the scent of flower blooms.
The children, in their night-gowns white,
Heard how the breezes sing at night;
And when their evening prayers were said,
They kissed good-night and went to bed.

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